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THE REGISTRAR

31-11-2002

Scribblings

Songs on Life

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By

Devulapally Sudarshan

Scribblings

(*Songs on Life*)
(*Yearnings, Sustainer*
and
Other Narrative Poems)

by

Devulapally Sudarshan

April 2001

Price Rs. 50/-

Type Setting

ANURAGA GRAPHICS
1-4-140, Kalasiguda, Secunderabad - 500 003.

Printed at

BALREDDY PRESS
1-4-140, Kalasiguda, Secunderabad - 500 003.
④ : 7813343

PUBLISHERS

KAVIGARI KALA PEETTAM
Ammakrupa - Swarnalayam
97, Vasavi Colony 'A', Secunderabad - 15.
Ph 27747882

Copies can be had from above or Hanamkonda Address

*Dedicated
to
The Mighty Mother
On Mount Helicon —
“The Mother Saraswati”*

APOLOGETICAL APPEAL

Since I do not claim the lable of verse for these, my writings, let no versifier grope for an opportunity to feel pity for this chatic versification as Master T.S. Eliot would have expressed it, and let no Miltonicidal criticisms be hurled at them since they do not happen to be either audacious misinterpretations of or dancing deviations from any religion or any mythology, but are just humble expressions of an untutored individual's dogged search after the Ultimate Truth, which search, as it still continues does not claim to be a philosophical treatise or a religious assertion. Time and discriminating readers will assert its place in the world of letters.

– Devulapally Sudershan

Dt : 24-4-2001

"Vishwamatha Sadan"
2-9-498, Srinagar Colony,
RTC Depo–Waddepalli Road,
Hanamkond - Warangal Dist. (A.P.)

Scholastic Achievement

Sri Devulapally Sudarshan garu is an elderly scholar poet. He has been a source of inspiration to many young and budding poets at warangal. Friendly, affable and always helpful, Sri Rao provides the filling they need. His poetry in Telugu has a characteristic power of its own.

Sri Rao has tried his hand at versification in English too - though he disclaims "the label of verse" for his writings. In his case, the love of writing in English is due largely to the fact that he grew up under the influence of renowned teachers of English like Professor V.K. Gokak at Osmania University, Hyderabad. We discover in these writings the native talent of Sri Rao who has spent most of his life in a tiny hamlet. His passionate search for what he calls 'The Ultimate Truth' has led him on this path. One may notice here certain expressions with a start. In any case, these poems treat you to explore further in sympathy with his search.

I am glad that Sri Sudarshan's nephew Kavigaru (Sri A. Gopala Kishan Rao who is also a poet and a retired Electrical Engineer) feels he has inherited the poetry from his elder maternal uncle Sri Devera and this younger maternal uncle, had earlier in April 1997 published Sri Sudarshan's Telugu anthology and now is bringing out this as he regards him as his Friend Philosopher and Guide.

I am sure that the lovers of poetry will enjoy reading them.

— Prof. S. Laxmana Murthy (Retd.)

Hanamkonda
20-4-2001

5-11-674, Vidyaranyapuri,
Warangal - 506 009

Fortunate Am I

Born immediately after two master poets in four languages in the Devulapally Home, [Sri “Devera” Devulapally Venkateswara Rao garu) and Sri Sudarshan Garu – my two maternal uncles, I feel extremely fortunate – more so having acquired their traits including that of literary ones by becoming a poet to be reckoned with in just five years that two in all the four languages in which they are expert poets. While the former christened me as Kavigaru (Poet of honour) even when I was 10 years of age, the later is virtually from that time onwards my Friend, Philosopher and Guide unto this date.

It is my privilege to pen these lines in this anthology of a good English Poet Sri D. Sudarshan whose writings could not see the light of the day so far though penned as early as 1950s

I also feel happy that my own English anthology “Yours Lovingly” is also being published along with this one ‘Scribblings’ of Sri D. Sudarshan and the one an English Translation of Telugu Poems of Nandury Ram Krishnama Charya, our doyen Telugu Poetry rendered by one Sri E. Jacob.

I need not have to elaborate the greatness of Sri Sudarshanjis English Poetry as it is in no parallel verve to that of Milton, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Swinburne and the many English Counterparts. The readers will well appreciate and the poetry will stand the test of time.

31-3-2001

Ph : 040-7747882 (India)

– KAVI GARU

(A Gopala Kishan Rao)

Amma Krupa–Swarnalayam

97 Vasavi Colony ‘A’, Secunderabad - 15 A.P.

A Word With You

Yearnigs would have been a better title for this anthology for these poems are not mere scribblings. There is sincere anguish and strong conviction in all the poems of Devulapally Sudarshan garu. It is evident that he did not try and write these poems. They are spontaneous responses to many of his experiences in life. He confesses that they are inspirations by Goddess of Learning, Saraswathi – He says –

I am none to writer, not to write

Am none for laurels or loathings down right

Believe it or not this only line I write

My faith dictates and I obey to write !

The same tone of modesty pervades all though his poems when he goes on and prays “Mother give me the strength to give away all I’ve got.”

The poem continues and raises to universal level and philosophises the theme :

“When earth, water, Air and Fire

Nor the solar family with their sire,

Nor sound, nor smell, nor touch,

nor taste, nor light nor darkness

Save an indefinable nothingness.

Sudarshan is sure that power and pelf are crumbling corpulence. The quest for the ultimate truth runs as under current throughout. His wide reading and exposure adorn his

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poetry like natural 'flashes'. He is sure that love and hate are the two sides of the same coin. (P. 39). The poem is wound up modestly.

The second part has a few independent 'pieces' as he prefers to call.

These poems reveal how life has treated him 'harshly'. But he accepts "these" mortal mechanism. Lines on life and thoughts on death are twin poems – roots in the air and branches in earth is a beautiful, innovative expression. After all what is death – a topsy-turvy life ! The pathetic acceptance – waiting for her Grave voluntarily makes the piece really poignant.

Pen is his unfailing friend indeed which has given him solace. "A night in a widower's life is really touching" and the autobiographical tone haunts the reader.

I withdraw my claim that I'm fairly well read as I have not heard or read Devulapally Sudarshan all these years. His being modest is no excuse. It is the responsibility of readers and critics to 'spot' Good poetry and reach out. It is my good fortune to be associated with this anthology at least at this stage of my life. But for Kavigaru's insistence. I would have really missed 'Scribblings'. How can I greet/congratulate a 'Saraswathiputhra' except by paying obeisance !

9-4-2001

Nizam's College

– Dr. Bhargavi Rao

Prof. of English

Osmania University

Prophetic Message of Truth

Having gone through the book of Poetry ‘Scribblings’ of Sri Devulapally Sudarshanji I understood that he is spreading the prophetic message of Truth through his Poetic Voice. He says in his ‘Apologetic Appeal’ that the scribblings are just humble expressions of an unlettered individual’s dogged search after the ultimate truth.

He does not seem to be writing poetry for becoming a poet but being a poet at heart whatever he writes turns into poetry. This volume of verse shows the poet’s concern for the man and streaming thoughts that link the material and spiritual worlds in a swing of harmony and happiness.

The spiritual vision and the philosophical musings of Sri Sudarshanji can be seen in ‘Yearnings’

As Frederick William Robertson said “The office of Poetry is not to make us think accurately, but feel truly” – As a true citizen of the world the poet feels truly for his fellow human beings. It was Joseph Jaubert, a French moralist who said “you arrive at truth through poetry, I arrive at poetry through truth”. It is heartening to note that for Sudarshanji Truth is poetry and poetry is truth.

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Luckily he loves man and God alike transcending all dubious distinctions of caste, creed, faith and religion. With Advaithic Spirit of oneness and happiness for all. As one who is not writing poetry for a living but living to write poetry, he should serve the cause of Muse in the true tradition of our sages and saints.

To sum up – this book of verse presented by the poet is a pattern of thought woven out of human experience of the universe in his moments of blissful transfiguration. This is a commendable trait of a conscious writer.

Let me conclude with the golden words of a French Poet Alphonse De Lamartine “Sad is his lot who once at least in his life, has not been a poet.” Poet Sri Sudarshanji deserves all appreciation from the literati.

27-9-2000
Hyderabad

Dr. Acharya Tirumala
30, Nandini Complex
Moazamjahi Market,
Hyderabad - 95
Phone : 4619066

YEARNINGS

Mighty Mother of all that's born
And all that remains to be born
Let no imp of vanity lay its claims
To what at in fact I ne'er 'ave' aimed !

Some friends of mine in good faith though
Thus warn me of a dreadful foe;
That into the wilds of letters
As an innocent traveller enters
Literary critics like beasts of prey
Begin their philistine art to display
And a fortunate few alone find their way
Out from the craft of these human beasts of prey

But little do I need
These fears to heed
Since fear and hatred are not my creed
And this is all I know
That nothing do I know
Nothing of this world or of her children
Nothing of your ways or of the ways of men
Of what worth am I or knowledge mine
Save naught and naught and naught to define.

I am none to write or not to write
Am none for Laurels or loathings downright
Believe it or not this only line I write
My faith dictates and I obey to write !

2

Wealth and fame wait for a fastidious few to compass
While the rest are destined to live unknown and
unknown pass

What greater gains must I amass
Than your presence in my own Loss !

3

I've been young and now I am old
Let me know, Mother !

What it is to groan lying in a death bed
And be blown out by a mortal blast !

I've been rich and now I am poor
Let me know, Mother !

What it is to starve and shiver
And on a pavement die at Last !!

4

Mother

Give me the strength
To give away all I've got

Now

When I've got much to give

For

Who knows ?
Some day I may myself go
begging from door to door !

They despise me
 For my ignorance
 They say, Mother !
 That I look drunk !!
 And Why defend

I am ignorant of the ways they are adept in
 I am drunk – really drunk
 With intoxicating love for you !

Sober persons are they –
 Scholarly Philosophers
 Learned ascetics
 Trained in doctrinaire theology
 and
 Masters in Prosody – all

Who can mould thee to their own will confined
 within the isolated vastness of their knowledge !
 Strolling about in their study rooms
 suffering under self imposed discipline
 In the ‘ashrams’ of their cherished masters !

And
 Sipping Coffee
 in the chattering quiet corners of Coffee
 Houses ‘Delux’
 They fling specimen performances

of their learning and their knowledge

They talk

Of Kant, Hegel, Stoic and Lao-Tse

Of St. Paul, seneca, St. Augustine and Sri Aurobindo

Of Spencer, Sir Philip Sidney, Dante, Browning

Swimburne, Emerson and Gibbison

They ask me

Of the school of thought

That I belong to in the realms of philosophy

Of the religious faith that I've sought to seek God

and the Guru

Who I've therefore received

'Upadesa' from

Of the master poets and versifiers

And their works that I studied

and

The most piteous of all questions put to me

Of the Post Graduate degrees that I possess

In Literature and Philosophy

And for my sincere answers to all these questions

They burst out into laughter

Holding me in derision

While crushed I retire

To shame and silence !!

Tell me, I prithee, Mother !!

Tell me !!

Does my love for thee
demand of me
The possession
Of all or any of these qualifications
For her fruition ?

6

When Earth, Water, Air and Fire
Nor the Solar family with their Sire
Nor sound, nor smell, nor touch, nor taste,
 nor light nor darkness
Save an indefinable Nothingness
Had swayed the prenatal State of Universe
What wast it Ho ! that hads't pervaded
The timeless tracts of that Solemn Nothingness ?
Who wast she whose cosmoplastic coruscation
Hads't come to find in cosmos its fruition ?
What else it wast but Thee, My Mother !
Who else but Thou couldst she be Mother !

7

Scholars, Pundits and Mowlvis
Ascetics, Yatins and Zahids
Promethean Paragons of wit and wisdom
Aspirants to earthly eminence and heavenly exuberance
Your conceited compromises with fame and fate
Grown out of date piteously now, Lo ! Concede to bate !
Tired of their mythicised existence the talismanic gods

Whom you've slyly so Long Shut out from our sight
with pious frauds

Now throw off their masks to give us relief
From the age old superstitious belief
That has enslaved us to the magic of words
That fails to fulfill the purpose of The Word.

8

For my absence of belief
in the fictitious theism
that presents the truth
The Ultimate Truth

In forms anthropomorphic

Or forms zoomorphic

In the rich refulgence

Of lyraid meteors,

Or of the lustrous

solar storng effulgence

In the pre-solar suggestion of dark heavens

Or in the (much proudly proclaimed)

philanthropist theocracy even

They call this Poor Me

An amoral atheist !

Is it a folly of mine, Mother,

To disown

That Thou

That art the art and the architect thyself
of Ormuzd and Ahriman,
of the whole set of reflected colours
that the rainbow presents
of ant and elephant and moth and man and
of all things from an atom to the universe
Will seek
To love, to hate or to dread
What we, Mortals, do
and
as such
to reveal Thyself
in the hues and Forms
that should be but responsive
to human intelligence alone ?

Or
to disbelieve orthodoxy
in the mythicised, mystified existence
of the Omnipresent Reality that Thou art ?
to disown the make believe attributes
attached to thy person
that is above names and forms and attributes all,
and
to hold faith in the belief
that it is but we
the Human Mortals

proud with the pride of possessing speech
with values phonetical
and etymological
and what not

Labouring under our self dogmatised
theological conceptions
and allusive assumptions

Entertaining strange doubts and fears
and revelling in stranger hopes
and joys

all

Akin to our mortal selves

and

Holding limitarian views

That draw distinction between light and darkness

The illimitable phasic phenomena of nature

That in the vanity of our knowledge rave

To explain the inexplicable ? !

To mould in picturesque phrases

Into form the Formless

and

To preach the messages we receive

From the halfway gods of our own imagination

To liberate (as it is naively professed)

The suffering humanity

From the mortal bonds
while keeping ourselves
Ever unmindful
Of the simple truth
That all our knowledge in this domain
Does but signify
our own ignorance
wrapped up with care
In mystified words
That deafen us to the word
That we fancy to have heard !

9

They pine to retain
what they've got !
And pine to gain
what they've not !!

For power and pelf, are the crumbling Corpulence
of their skin bound flesh !
For the futility that's fame and fictitious
faith they grope to foster
and the Elysian happiness they
Greedily long to master
They pine and shout
In utter dissatisfaction day in and day out !

While I

who no attachments – Earthly or Elysian
do enchain
pass with satisfaction
Into the nothingness they abhore

Which I

For thy abode in Faith adore !!

10

They

that perceive anything but in colour or form
..... each a child of the Elements one or more
Laugh at me for the vanity of my love

that aches for union

with that source of sources which
all the gross and the subtle elements
with their respective attributes
along with their cosmic mainfestations
get their identities lost in !

They

that know anything but a name –
a relative term that we coin
out of what
having been already perceived
has, as such been baptized

Ask me the name that my Love bears !

What name shall I refer my love with

When

None of the zig-zag paths of religion
wherein, it is said,
Lies a striaght cut to Named Love
have I sought
and
the mumbo jumbo of proximate phrases
does I feel,
but philologically philosophise
and not assuage
the yearnings of 'soul'
to experience 'The Real' !!

11

In all the humility
that the chastened pride of man can permit
I approached (with the burden of my
diffident scribblings
an elderly gentleman..... a learned wit
Begging of him that righteous recourse
that would suggest to me a saner course !

With patience unprecedented to men of his calibre
He read those pieces with zest intent
and advised me to move forward
and never for a moment be diffident !
An un uttered voice vibrant in my larynx
touched my audition in a recurring rhythm :

11

So ! I can write !

Lo ! I can write !!

Ho ! I can write !!!

And the beast in me that I had tried
to tame and suppress my mortified pride
Rising in revolt reddened my face
with joy unbounded – a real disgrace !

A vanity indeed

An ephemeral ecstacy whose evanescent existence
(For a millesimal moment though !!)
was felt in each vein and corpuscle of mine
beyond resistance !

While a moment later

it faded away – This Vanity Fair
that (were it not to recede !)
should have driven to despair
one's faith resolute
in the absolving absolute !

And midst tears
Welling forth from the inmost recesses of heart
A different note my pennant audition caught
“Woe be to that ‘I’ and ‘My’
whence spring these ravings of bathetic blasphemy !
Who is this ‘I’ that raves can write ?
How, O, how ! How this ‘I-ness’ in man should die ?
When, O Mother, when will this egoism actually die ?

And

In an unidentifiable unison
Be ONE
you and this 'I' !!!!

12

I hate you, because I Love you !

They

that say
only Love and hate you not
can neither love you nor hate !

Yet

since they claim their acquaintance
with the word 'Love'

Let them entertain their fictitious faith !

I am proud

for my enduring patience in
suffering the so-called Original Sin !

They

that demonstrate piety
and sing hallelujah in your praise
to trap you (as it were !)
by so pleasing Thee
all which
but to gain a seat
in the coveted Heaven
are self styled saints !

Yet

since in beads they count
on their rosary
they utter thy name
that does not actually define Thee
but simply deigns to define
Let them have their seat if any !
I even threaten you at times
because
I am mortally afraid of you !
They

that brag
to have come face to face with you
as a reward
for their rigorous austerity
are moral bankrupts
and ethical escapists !

Yet

since they gather the courage
to speak of Thy person
Let them revel in their own fallacies !

13

Awake or asleep
This echoic voice lies deep
down my heart:
Come to ME, O, Come to ME !

14

None could see and none can see
you may know, but shall not see
Lun Tarani ! Lun Tarani !
I am you and, yea, you are ME

Adwaitamidm ! Adwaitamitih !!

This Truth of Truths..... I AM SHE

Night is struggling 'day' for light !

Day is the homeward flight of 'night'

On these wings of 'day' and 'night' !

The bird of 'Time' takes his flight !!

And you – Son and Sire of the doomed plight

Shall for Shelter Come to ME

Come to ME, O, Come to ME !

14

"We are fed up with your craze !"

Their imposed silence sounds to phrase !

I love them all

and serve them all

as in duty bound

to my worldly round

But not with lust, nor parturient passion

Nor with that feeling known as compassion !

Whence

Those that search for lucrative love to vie
with others fail to feel that fervour in me.

15

And assume an air of serene silence
When (a little way out from my own
immersed existence)

Out of necessity them I beseech
their locked lips to open in speech !

In what way, Mother, shall I convince these
contentious dumbs

That I cannot, per force, cradle their cupidous crumbs ?

And not that I hate
Any mortal mate !

Nor that I write that I should gain
Wealth or Fame, nor ever would fain
Possess I these possessions vain

And that I do not mean
To theologise or theosophise nor
to sermonise or moralise !

And that
Writing with me is not craze
Nor a habit nor hobby
Nor a fashion nor profession
Nor of an idle brain a vacant haze !
Nor an ostentation display of diction !
But an unosought for benediction
That initiates my enamoured effluence
into the Inundating Influence !!

Twinkling stars yearn to see the light
of which they are but a reflection !

The Light revealed
They lose their form
And

I get myself lost in a fit of delirium
At the mere thought of our meeting !
What rapturous regions

should then my yearning self go into
at the moment of Thy Revelation ?

I wish

she were

In the full consciousness of her senses !

But

I am taught to know
That it can not be so !!

I often wake up at the dead of night

When the sound of this city slumbers deep
and the silent speech of stars
summons through the shrieking dark ?

When the waters are still
And the leaves do not rustle
I hear a voice

From amidst the Sylvan Stillness –
Come to ME, O, Come to ME !
Where stands the person ?
Where comes the voice from ?
I know not !
But my Faith believes, Mother !
It is your affectionate calling !

17

On a fine spring morning
I went into a flower garden
picked a flower from the Nature's abundance
smelt it
and pressed it deep to my heart !
It faded away, and I threw it in the dust !
My "HAMSA" Likewise clings to
The Living Raft
my body to enjoy a while
Having fully enjoyed
finds it faded
and throws it 'away' !
and the worldly wise say
That I am dead !!

18

Fondly my heart searched
for the Torch-bearer

Leading her
through the dark of this world !
And vainly did she wander
from mosque to temple
In the hope of finding that person !
Quite unknowingly
She fell in love with that selfless Benefactor
sang many a woven hymn and psalm
In praise of that Mighty Affection !!
Begging to favour her
With its graceful appearance !
got lulled
by her own melodious notes
She fell asleep !
while all of a sudden
as if from a dream
She woke up to find
that the long sought was
but within her own self !

19

Forgive me mother !
Forgive me father !
Brothers and sisters and wife and children
Friends and relatives and all my fellow men
Forgive me thou-one and all

For my detached relations with you
and you and you and you and you !

Reptiles and insects and animals mild

Hydrozoa and amphibio and birds and beasts even wild

Forgive Thou me

For any wrong or injury

I've done to you

Consciously or unconsciously !

Walking or

Sleeping !

Soft soothing springly breezes

and plants and trees and sods and flowers

Gusty wrathful summerly winds

and hills and mounts and rills and rivers

Starry nights and dazzling days

And a whole universe of nature's

irresistible ways !

One and all ! Forgive me, Friends ?

For the frugality of my thought

That took (from you) pleasure and inspiration, but naught,

Not even a streak for you could she spare

From her much meant poetic flare !

Farewell to you, Wondrous World !

With a galaxy of charms unfurled

In the kaleidoscopic mortal life

Immortal with the Elemental Strife
Farewell to you one and all !
And whosoever should still be caressing
For "This Frail Vessel" of mine fond feelings
 Try to give up and forgive !
 For no more among you do I live
 To repeat, to rectify or to repent
 Any wrong (to you) I might
 (conssciously or unconsciously !) have meant ?
And send me off with a smiling face !
On my journey to the Engulfing Grace !

20

They advise me to read much

 To study the sritis and the Smritis
 The Koran, The Bible, the Gita,
 The Dhammapatha, the Granth Sahib and the
 Zend Avesta !

 To get the scriptural texts of
 Sri Ramanuja, Sri Shankara Charya, Maxmuller,
 and Sayancharya and Schopenhauer digested !

 To read the writings of great
 thinkers and master writers
 on theology and philosophy !

 and

 To study Literature thoroughly well

They are

scholarly persons

elderly gentlemen

grown grey with experience

having affectionate dispostion towards me !

May be

they mean well, in their advices to me

and I keep the pace

that is due to their personalities

For the regard I hold them in

When I happen to stand in their presence

And

I dare not disregard their advices

in any other regard

But

In this regard

I hope and pray !

They will excuse me

When I say

That I shall not read

shall not read any more

For my conviction

That vast reading is bound

to leave indelible impressions on my mind !

That thought will

there thro'
get contaminated
by the sediment (call it silt if it so pleases you !)
deposited thro centuries
that will tether me to a link
that limits my movements
to a deliberately drawn circle
In which
it will bid me realise
but a penumbral truth
a halfway God after all.....
or even
a mere phantom of my own imagination
that leads me
but to self-deception
that throws me far away
from the Truth I seek
instead of
leading me
thro' Unwavering Faith
to self abnegation
that draws me closer into affinity
with the Infinitude !

PART II

THE REVOLT OF MAN AND OTHER INDEPENDENTLY CAPTIONED PIECES

THE REVOLT OF MAN

Time has eclipsed,
Centuries in its dark, obscruing veils
and still
my whim
runs along this Beaten Path
at whose illusive end
dance the bubbling hopes
of yet another round !

From the slough of abiding sin
Where I am left-to lose or to win
To a fictitious goal that none has seen
nor anyone, yet, can see but wean
or at best in picturesque phrases mean

The dogmatic theology ever allures
While hurdling me with baser lures !

In thy partial love have I thus been tried
And have been whipped till my patience cried
But never have I depraved my faith in Thy Word
Nor ever have I murmured in protest a word
Yet (I know not why !)

Thou hast bred contempt for me
That fondly feeds thee with divinity !

O, How long ! How long shall I bow before
you my head in humility

How Long shall I suffer for the Fruit of
that Forbidden Tree ?

How Long will the hoors of heaven
hallucinate me ?

How Long ? Tell me my Creation ?

How Long, will Thy jejune justice continue jeering at me ?

Bah !

Deliverance !

My patience has reached the pinnacles of endurance !

My slumbering sufferance is at last woken up !

My mocked at, immortal, mortal meekness broken up !!!

Beware Thou !

Gods glorious and Gods glorified !

I shall shake off the shackles of mortality
and Forthwith resume

The unfinished recreation of Universe

Begin by that challenging architect

Father of Revolution - The proven human
intellect

VISWAMITRA

Whom dost Thou see in the world's
Mirror praising Thee ?

Come out of Thy vanity Lord !

Thou, Streak of my own thought !

A freak of my own thought !!
and see

It's Thine own Image !

HUMBLE SUBMISSION

Life has been curelly Jocular to me !

O Death ! Come and take me into thine arms !

Come, and acquaint me with thy quiescent charms !

Hopes I've hoped as all men do

And ambitions wooed as all men woo

None too phoenixial have I aspired to !

But

Everything is unfulfilled – Everything !

Forsake me not, O Friend of my Endless Day !

I may get lost in the parting of ways !!

Forsake me not, O Messenger of Peace !

Though my cloak be stained with sins unnumbered !

Forsake me not, O Thou Five Elements !

I am but a product of your own selves !

Why delay for the pity's sake ?

That lies dormant and does not wake !

Come, O Death, and take me into Thine arms

Come and acquaint me with thy quiescent Charms !

CHARAIVETI, CHARAIVETI OR THE PATH OF LIFE

March along, O Traveller, March along !
Though 'Day' should usher in night !
and spring and autumn in their cycles revolve !
Though hurdling events should check your way
and the fear of death torture you always !
Though your feet be sore and bleeding
and the goals in sight keep pace with your march
Though no mortal you set hopes upon accompanies you
and you should find no inn
 no shady haunt to seek !
still
 O Traveller ! March along, March along !
Endless is your Journey, O Traveller,
 and ageless its song !
Sun, stars, moon and earth all
All in a duteous spirit move along !
And you, Terrestrial Traveller,
 that to the superb species belong !
Shall with unfaltering steps
 and unfailing zeal
 March along !

MORTAL MECHANISM

Heart is the home and hearth of Life !
Heart is the womb and tomb of strife !
Heart the healer and heart the knife !
And senses five - of sight and sound
and smell and state
and touch, but are to reach this home the beaten ways !
and veins and nerves are worth the wires
that currents pass of haematic fires
to and from this hearth like home
Where find our homeless hopes a home !
And mind's the landlord – the master of them all !
that keeps accounts of their functions all
and bones and flesh and their silken crust !
are things from dust to return to dust
When the hearth gets damped and
the heart gets clamped
and the gates All Nine get slammed and stamped !

INES OF LIFE !

Trials, trifles, travails
Mortal shrieks midst modest wails
A Life a stake
For a new one's sake
How old this story !
yet

how fresh its glory !

This that has been, that is and will be

This journey designed thro'

Nine full Moons !

This Heaven's curse, an earthly boon !

This single breath out from the space bound womb

Whose last echo breakes on the time bound tomb !

This life of ours

How sweet ! how sour !

THOUGHTS ON DEATH !

Every moment !

A steady torment !!

With roots in the air

and branches in earth !

a deep rooted fear

Haunts you from your birth !

First

The midwife's mild touch

Doesn't it make you cry ?

It does, dear, don't lie !

You fear it – her tender technical touch

You fear that her clutch

may strangle you or Crush !

And fear becomes known

From that moment alone !

Thence

Worried by echoes
haunted by shadows
tortured you suspect
the arrival you expect
when she's least to come
She shalln't come, Dear She doesn't come !

Then a sigh of relief
and a world of belief
from the agonised hour
in a deified power
How poorly pessimistic
O, how selfishly theistic !

Age and disease
make you unease
and you fear her approach
who never does approach
nor does ever flee far
For, these traits are no bar
To the one you embrace
In an humble submission
When she showers Her Grace
In a voluntary mission !

MY PASSIONATE NOTE

I rememer I remember
the parting night
when my darting love
in dalliance how
had tried in vain
to detain the train
of sight seeing stars in the secret of night !

I am tired; I am tired
of this lovelorn night
when my desperate love
in desolation how
does try but in vain
to keep the train
of sight seeing stars
away from my sight ?

I await; I await
the reuniting night
When my dedicated Love
in a fond fit how
will try once agian
to detain the train
of sight seeing stars
in that sceptered night !

THE SUSTAINER

Midst the suffering of Ordained Fate

She is the saviour of Mortal Life !

The animistic atom hidden in the inanimate

The holy hope hovering over our

mortal heads

in the decline of Life !

Whenever, Life on its endless path

has felt fatigued and fled astray

With feeble steps from the worlds wilderness

She has bloomed in the autumnal hearts

With spectacular sprouts of renascent hopes !

Peerless potter of our earth's erstwhile rotten clay

Thou hast merged in and emerged from

The source of sources

With alternatives like autumn and spring

Preserving still the Garden we dwell in !

Thy profound conjugal love with the soul of souls

Has sanctified us from the multitude of our sins

Thy sweet enchanted breath has

kept the flower of our illusions ever fresh !

Sustainer of our Destiny ?

Thou art of the earth earthy of the heaven heavenly !

Lo,

The Western horizon howls on our Doomed
despair !

Our brother bubbles on the Waters
Vanish with wailing ripples !

The dark night approaches affectionately
inebriating us with prints of sweet mortality

The last remnant of life on this earth
stands on the sands of Time
to get herself lost in its vast
oblivious Chasms

May be

Why may be ? Sure
Out of friendless frustration !

Where at

A spark
Sailing across the timeless space !

Travels right into the spaceless womb of Time
Singing in encouraging tunes :

Heigh Ho !

Hold back your despondant thought !

For me -

The imperishable
The cause beyond casualty
That's responsible
for the maintenance of

This cyclic universe
you shall ever trust in
For your
Immortal mortal existence !

MY UNFAILING FRIEND

At no other time in my life
do I feel so much aggrieved
as when
my pen
fails me !

Peace of mind threatened to give way
When six years back - my child passed away
All said

but in an unconcerned manner :
'It's a great shock to the poor fellow !'
and my pen said :

Dear Me ! Why worry ! I shall his memories overflow
Within a fortnight whence his mother too died !
His mother died ... my better half died !
And up my eyes of their tears got dried !!!
All said

in a sympathetic tone
that simply scratched my wounds :
"stoney he turned ... the ill-fated fellow !"

And my pen said :

Dear Me ! Do not pine ! I shall her memories overflow !
and, yea, she lives in these my lines !

A year later – I remember well-died my brother's wife !
So dear was she to me as my mother's Life !!

All said

as in disgust :

“Once again scourged ! The unfortunate fellow !

And my pen said :

Dear Me ! have courage !

I shall bring her back to LIfe

Life above the wrath of ‘Age’ !

Life beyond the path of ‘Decay’ !!

Life within me

that's the Life of language !

of the Word pervading the universe !

and truth to tell

She lives forever in all my songs !

Fourteen months passed

When my brother bereft
of his life's Life (feeling life but Lifeless !)

This Waste Land Left !

All said

in a condemnatory tone :

“The good die first !

What more pleasures to reap
does he still live, Lord !

I could not weep !

I could not Laugh !!

I could not Live !!

Yet living I was !!

Why was I spared
for a life of pain

is still a nightmare

that haunts me and pains !!!

Only my pen

was my companion then

that consoled me :

“Peace, Peace Dear Me !

Do not gloom

for the destined doom !

what you can’t cure

must, of needs, endure !

All the world though thee shouldst leave

In solitude such that can but grieve !

I shall stand by you, My Friend !

Unto your last breath – Unto The End !!

and shall them all keep alive

Whom no Invoked Grace

could save from destined ‘decay’ !

And, yea, My Friend, My Pen, My Style !
All who left me live today
In all my thoughts, in all my words !
In all the walks of Life you lead me !!

A NIGHT IN A WIDOWER'S LIFE

From the time I write eight years back ... may be
A fair damsel fairer few have I since then seen – met
me

In the night's stillness deep
When every other sound was asleep !
I was a widower then
and she in her youth vesuvian !
She came and sat herself by my side
Under the shade of the starry sky
Where the human nature does not hide
her ugliness under the mask of morals high !!
For a time, methought
Pity and awe had inspired her talk
Ere glibly
from sympathy to selfish love could she balk
and I since her first utterance lost
in a thousand and odd thoughts of past
Got myself restored to my senses with a sigh
When the warmth of a body I'd felt at nigh !!

Startled I stood up and begged her to flee
To leave anon the place and me !
For good for mercy
For dire emptiness
Or for anything but she,
But her nerves that had, already, possessed her senses
grew dumb and deaf to my beseeching references !!
In a mad fit
bade her burst
Into a hysterical fit :
"These turbulent tresses and elflocks
 that entreat
of your fingers their fondling treat !
This fiery forehead, these throbbing temples
 and these flaming eyes athirst
of your responsive thirst !
These phonendoscopical ears eager to
 receive the secrets that throng
the tingling silentness of your sentimental songs !
This nymphean nose, these chuckled cheeks
and these lisping lips crimson that speak
For the volumes
of which my love for modesty can't speak !
This jugular beauty, these sheeny shoulders
 and these avid arms that await

Your amorously bewitching triat !
These shapely lacteal vessels that feed
your world indeed !

Feed the lustful appetite in you - men,
And the biliary appetite in your children
and hide their underneath
A thousand throbs to wreath
Your untimely devastated youth
with the bloom of my virgin youth
This snowy stomach, this willowy wiast
and these grooves on girdle 'bove Mon Venerie
that form for cupid
a staircase secret
to the seat of Venus !

The holiest of holies !
And every limb of this loveliest of lovelees
that aches for union
For the blissful communion
the sweet sin

To whose irresistible charm even Gods gave in !
Were it not for you, thou Moralistic pedant !
Who else ? for who else have they been meant
And should you decline
this fine
offering of the best that's been ever offered.

in this manner

Humanity will feel but sorry for your low birth,
for your aversion to the mirth

that voluntarily kneels at your manly stature
begging for a shelter in your poetic nature !

Lacking in them

the flavour of friendship
in the life on This Earth
that is sustained by love

by the bonds of fellowship
that will pass unnoticed
into the oblivious chasms
of the world of letters

Not a single word
will ever be read or heard

Living ! will you invite a living death ?

Whence your mother ought to have felt

Better he were'nt born than die such a death !

“Oh ! What have I done what have I said ?

Despite this death dance why am I living
and why not dead ?

This eruptive, corroding, marauding mania

This cracking, racking, sacking egophobia

Has shattered my equilibrium

Now whether

I am brave or timid
Am humming or humid
Am stubborn or stupid
Am torrential or torpid
Am mischievous or morbid
Am modest or shameless
Am logical or baseless
I know not
I feel naught !

Now you heartless hound
Shall I leave you unbound
To a world of your own
Who you owe to nor own
To that world of dreams
whence returned none
But forget not this night
This crowned night of nights

That has offered to transform
Your being into a living force
And you have but it stormed
With an unnatural brutal force
Forget not my Alms !
Your Life ... Yes, my alms !
But for my overwhelming love for you
You motionless, emotionless muff !

Alive I leave you

Long live you !

But one last wish

My one least wish

I hope, you bore !

Will not ignore !!

None too wild do I ask of you

None too sinful yet soulful sure !

Lip to Lip !

An Ambrosial sip !

Kiss me all over and drench me, Dear !

With your kisses here, and here, and here and here !

Since you will not put out, suppress

This volcanic eruption or its course digress

I fade, I faint, I fail !

Go now in disgrace

To face the rage of my race !

“Thank you ! Adieu ”

“Thou sick sorceress”

“Thou young serpent”

“Thou blot on the name of woman”

Thus ! I fared her

For all her hell !